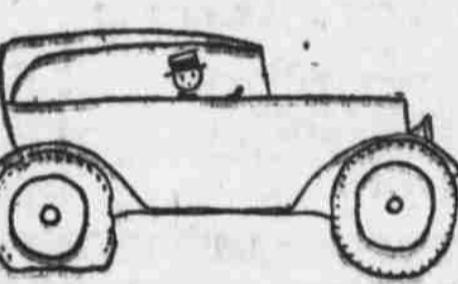




Today — there's an
ESSEX here ready to
drive off. No wait-
ing.

3,000 cities are clamoring for this car and in Mem-
phis we have them for IMMEDIATE delivery.

Memphis Motor Car Company
987 Union Ave.



The cheapest tire

is not the one that costs least,
but the one

which gives the most mileage.

So with Shoes—

economy is not a question
of "how much per pair,"
but "how much per year!"

Hurley Shoes

might well be compared

with "Cord Tires guaranteed 6,000 miles!"

Hurley Shoes

To be had in Memphis only here.

Shop of Culture

MAIN AT MONROE

News of Our Ancestors 250 Years Ago

Aug. 20, 1664. "Comes Mr. Pen to visit me. I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French gentry, and affected manner of speech and gait. I fear all real profit he hath made of his travel will signify little." (From Pepys' Diary.)

One of Zellner's 14 Points

\$1.00 per pair profit on 3 pairs is better than \$2.00 per pair profit on 1 pair.

\$4.00, \$2.00 and even less will procure Woppen's Pumps and Oxfords at Zellner's Clearance Sale.

When Zellner's policy was changed, the profit was cut in two. Under the cash plan, the profit has been again cut in two. Increased sales for the year of 150% have helped us do it.

Zellner's
MADE IN ENGLAND
MAIN ST.

HAVING SHAVING TROUBLE? SEE
Kent & Sawyer
SHAVING COMB
4 W. CRANE AVE.
Near Front.
HOLLOW GRINDING, HONING,
MAIL Orders Solicited.

We Sell for Less

New Rent—Low Prices. Easy Terms.
We also want to buy second-hand furniture and pianos for cash. We exchange
new for old.

Hunt Bros.' Furniture Co.

118-120 Beale Ave.

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

O. Henry and Al Jennings'

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1914.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER LV.

I had counted too much on Bill Porter's fame. I knew that New York was a big place, but I had an idea that the world would tower above the crowd like a Mount Hercules in a tiny city.

Abramsky and I had followed along from Washington to New York. When the boat crossed the Hudson we didn't know whether to stop at Liverpool or Angel Island, but we did know that we were looking for one Bill Porter who had lost the letter giving me his address.

We wandered up one street and down another, a queer looking pair with our fedora hats. Every now and then I made a stop and plucked the sleeve of some man, whispering "Excuse me, sir, can you tell me where Bill Porter, the genius, lives?" They stared coldly and said "No." I heard one young fellow titter. "The poor babes from the poor woods."

We couldn't find Bill.

"Bill?" I asked him. "I have a friend in an irresponsible newspaper office. He's a good fellow, but I don't know where he is."

"Bill?" the bartender asked.

"Bill Porter. Know him, greatest man in the world."

"Sure, know him all."

Let's telephone to the president and ask him where this fellow lives. He's a good sport, he'll send us a pilot." Abramsky turned and said "Hello, ma'am." Dr. Alex Lambart, physician to Roosevelt, had shown us many courteous ways. He lived in New York. We decided to go in and see him.

I remembered that Porter lived near Grammercy Park. I phoned to the doctor and with the utmost formality asked directions to this district. The "Automobile of the Association" didn't seem to amaze him. He went off elaborately.

Arm in arm, Abramsky and I sauntered down the park, past the most painful sights we ever saw. The people outside every house and rang the bell inquiring for Bill Porter. Not a soul had ever heard of him. Someone or other had mentioned him, but he was a nobody. His chunky little fellow, with his ample, humorous face and his keen gray eyes, was standing at the door of a big mansion room, waiting for us. His name was Bill Davis.

"Are you acquainted with Bill?"

"Never heard of the gentleman." He didn't even turn his head to glance toward me. "My dear embezzler only writes waiters and nolemans."

And then I remembered who it was.

"Oh, that's right. I tried to make my voice very casual. 'Do you happen to know a man by the name of O. Henry?'"

The little fellow's face lit up like an electric lamp. His hand stopped me.

"Go on, if I should say so."

"Me?" I faltered, screaming at him.

"How you're an old bird of mine."

"How come?" I asked one of them.

"Well, I know never heard of him even the small fry. He's Bob Davis."

The chunky little fellow, with his ample, humorous face and his keen gray eyes, was standing at the door of a big mansion room, waiting for us.

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